

the minor prophets

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by [hoorayy](#)

Summary

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"Jesus Christ, dude," Tommy says. "Fuckin', ever hear of stranger danger—"

"I think," Wilbur says lowly, still smiling, "it is in your best interest to let me in, Tommy. The next people my agency sends out are not going to be nearly as nice as I am."

(or -- Agent Wilbur Soot meets local anomaly Tommy Innit. It goes well!)

Notes

hello hello!! dee here. long time no motw au, so here i am with another little installment set a few years after our last stories! honestly this should've been written ages ago but i procrastinated on finishing it til now LOL

this au is told in a series of oneshots, self-contained short stories, etc. make sure you're subscribed to the series to get updates whenever we post a new addition to the universe!

The day after Tommy Innit dies, a man knocks on his door.

“My name’s Wilbur Soot,” the man introduces himself. He’s unassuming despite his height, towering and lanky; round glasses, a beanie, a long coat he’s got one hand stuck into the pocket of. But Tommy’s not stupid. There’s a deliberate way his eyes scan the room over Tommy’s shoulder, even when they turn back to his face with a smile. The way he balances his weight; the way his shoulders roll back. Tommy’s been in enough fights to recognize a man who expects one. “May I come in?”

“I’m kinda busy,” Tommy says. “And I have no idea who you are, or why—“

There’s a flash of something in Wilbur’s pocket, the glimmer of a reflection in his hand. A badge. Tommy freezes.

“What the fuck,” he says. “Are you here to arrest me?”

The man—Wilbur—laughs. Easy and light. “God, no. I’m not with the police, Tommy.”

Dubiously, Tommy says, “CPS? Because I’m emancipated, okay, I’m living here legally, whoever called you—“

“No,” Wilbur says again. He glances over his shoulder, and then back to Tommy once again. “Nothing like that. I work for an organization that investigates less, uh, *mundane* things.”

Tommy’s blood runs cold. Oh, fuck. Resisting the urge to tug at the collar of his shirt to cover the bandages still wrapped around his neck, he says as flippantly as he can manage, “Well, I am in fact a totally mundane man with a totally mundane life, so you’re in the wrong place. Sorry. Have a nice day, king.”

Wilbur catches the door on his foot before Tommy can close it. Tommy huffs and shoves the door harder, but the man doesn’t even flinch. He just holds it open.

“Jesus Christ, dude,” Tommy says. “Fuckin’, ever hear of stranger danger—“

“I think,” Wilbur says lowly, still smiling, “it is in your best interest to let me in, Tommy. The next people my agency sends out are not going to be nearly as nice as I am.”

Tommy weighs his odds.

That last bit *definitely* sounds like a threat. In theory, Tommy could probably slam the door on his foot and get the lock bolted before he has a chance to recover. He could climb out the fire escape and get out onto the street. Tommy’s willing to take the chance that he knows these city streets better than this guy does, and his legs can’t be *that* much longer than Tommy’s. He could outrun him. He’s sure of it.

But... That won’t solve things for good. Running now means running forever, and god, Tommy would like to just stand still for a little while. He’s just starting to like Tubbo and Ranboo’s company, goddammit.

So with a sigh, Tommy opens the door. “Fine. But you’ve gotta make it quick, my roommates will be home soon and I really don’t want to have to explain to them why I’ve let some weirdass man who hasn’t even told me *why he’s here* into our apartment.”

“I’ll be in and out,” Wilbur promises. He steps into the entry hall, gazing into the rest of the apartment as Tommy slams and locks the door behind him. “Nice place.”

“Roommate’s got a rich dad,” Tommy says. He folds his arms and drops down into a kitchen chair, pointedly not offering one to his unwelcome guest. “So what do you want? Why are you here?”

Wilbur seems unperturbed by the lack of hospitality. “You’ve heard of monsters, Tommy.”

He scoffs. “What, like—Frankenstein and vampires and shit? I’ve seen a couple Halloween movies, yeah.”

There’s a twitch at Wilbur’s lips. “I’m talking more about the real thing, actually.”

Tommy raises an eyebrow with his best concerned expression. “Okay. You’re insane.”

“Let’s not play pretend with one another.” Wilbur leans forward, expression finally narrowing into something serious. “You know as well as I do why I’m here, and the sooner we stop beating around it, the easier this’ll be.”

“Okay,” Tommy says. “Yeah, here’s the thing, though. You *really* haven’t said why you’re here, so all I’ve really gotten is, uh, weird guy who *doesn’t* work for the police or anything like that, but *does* work for something, barges his way into a kid’s apartment and then starts trying to convince me that monsters are real. So, like, unless you want to give me a good reason why I shouldn’t call the police on you right now, you might want to either start talking or get *the fuck out of my kitchen*.”

Tommy hardens his expression into a glare with the delivery of his speech, channeling the nervous static in his fingers into angry confusion. It’s a solid performance, if he must say so himself.

But this guy—agent of wherever the fuck he came from—doesn’t buy it for a moment. It’s incredibly obvious from the cool, vaguely amused expression he maintains the entire time.

Fuck, Tommy thinks. Fuck. The jig might really be up here.

“I’m here because you died last night,” Wilbur snaps. Tommy’s heart skips a beat. An experience he’s rather used to, all things considered. “And people aren’t supposed to do that, Tommy. Or at least, they’re not supposed to do that and then *wake right back up*.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Tommy says evenly.

“Really?” Wilbur pulls a folder from the inside of his coat, creased and folded into quarters that he smooths out and drops onto the kitchen table. “Okay. I’ll walk you through it. Last night, a specter manifested in the outskirts of the city. Luckily, nobody seemed to be nearby,

except for—oh, this little blonde teenager. Who attempted to, what, reason with it? Fight with it?”

If Wilbur thinks he’s going to trick Tommy into a response, he can think again. Tommy keeps as blank an expression on his face as he can, and he keeps his mouth *firmly* shut.

It wasn’t like he’d *intended* for the specter to kill him. Ghosts are easy to deal with, usually. Tommy’s good with ghosts. Ghosts are only dangerous because they’re sad, and Tommy is good at listening and good at problem-solving. He could start a whole ghost-busting business just sitting down and having a chat with the spirits of the deceased. Tommy Innit, ghost therapist.

This specter was a little more angry than sad, though. And also was really good at throwing shit around. Which was something Tommy’s inconveniently timed clairvoyance had *not* accounted for.

Wilbur looks like he’s starting to get frustrated now. Good. “Well, whatever it was you were trying to do, it failed. Because the specter killed you. Hit you with a beam to the face and snapped your neck. Should’ve been an instant death, out in an alley where nobody would’ve bothered your corpse before I got there to investigate. Right?”

A moment of silence stretches before Tommy bothers to respond to him. “You,” Tommy says, slowly, “are kind of fucked up. Why would you say that to me?”

“Are you human?” Wilbur asks.

“Yes.” Probably.

“Did you die?”

“Kind of a personal question to ask a man.”

“*How* are you *alive*? ”

“I got better,” Tommy says, blandly. “Clearly.”

Wilbur’s eyes flash. His expression widens into a grin. “So you *did* die.”

Tommy gets to his feet. The chair scrapes along the kitchen tile, nearly clattering to the ground before Tommy reaches a hand out and steadies it behind him. “What do you want? I’m fucking serious. *Why* are you here? Who the fuck are you?”

“My name is Wilbur Soot,” the man repeats, evenly, still grinning. Like he knows he’s won. Tommy wonders if a kick to the shins would wipe that stupid fucking smile off his face. *Bitch.* “I work for the Bureau of Supernatural Investigation. And you, Mr. Innit, are the most fascinating case I have ever been assigned to.”

“I actually hate how you said that,” Tommy says flatly. “So it is like the FBI. But Supernatural. SBI? Do you kill monsters?”

“Something along those lines,” Wilbur says. “My job is to look into unexplainable events, people who aren’t who they seem... I’m not *necessarily* a monster hunter, but, you know. It happens.”

Tommy snorts. “Killing shit? It *happens?*”

Wilbur says, blithely, “Much like how you just *happen* to keep dying and coming back, yes.”

Tommy holds the eye contact for a long moment, as if it’s a dare. Wilbur meets the challenge, until Tommy gives a huff and storms over to the kitchen counter.

“What are you doing?”

Tommy glares back over his shoulder. “Making tea. The fuck does it look like?”

Wilbur says, mildly, “Okay. I’d take tea.”

“Too bad. I’m not making it for *you*.” He flicks the switch on the kettle. “Bitch.”

Wilbur looks appropriately put back in his place, which is... amusing, in a way it maybe shouldn’t be. The fact that it was refusing to make him tea that actually caused a crack in his otherwise-suave demeanor is a *little* funny. Just a little.

After another moment of awkward silence, Tommy gives in. “Okay. So you kill monsters just *if it comes up*, and you’re here because I die a lot, so if you tried to kill me, I wouldn’t stay dead. Yeah? Am I on the right track?”

Wilbur perks up. “A lot? How many times has this happened?”

“I don’t know. Fucking, like...” He swings open a cabinet ahead of him and pulling out his favorite mug, a big maroon-colored one he stole from Tubbo at some point. “Probably, twelve? Ish?”

A pause. “That is a lot.”

“Tell me about it.” The cabinet door thuds shut. After a moment’s hesitation, he opens it again a little softer, and takes out a second mug. But the shitty one with a crack in the handle that Ranboo keeps asking if they can toss before it breaks in someone’s hand. “Green tea or black?”

“Oh,” Wilbur says. He sounds surprised. “No, it’s okay. I won’t keep you that long.”

“You’re getting black, then.” Tommy turns back around to level his clearest, firmest stare at him. “Listen to me. You walked into *my* apartment, and you started asking me all sorts of questions about my deaths—very inconsiderately, by the way, I might be traumatized about that—and out of the goodness of my heart, I am making you tea. I’m being a polite and good host right now, so you had better be ready to answer *my* questions.”

And Wilbur, with a voice somewhere between amusement and meekness says, “All right. What are your questions?”

Tommy's questions are this: how the *fuck* did Wilbur find him?

"My organization is very good at finding people who are not fully human," Wilbur says. "Just about perfect."

"But not quite?" Tommy asks. Wilbur's eyebrow twitches in the slightest hint of his expression betraying him, but he doesn't lose his smile.

"Nobody can be expected to be entirely perfect."

"I am," Tommy says. "But that's okay. Next question: Why do you even care? Okay, so I die someone. Big fucking deal. I get back up and I move on with my life. Why's it matter to you or your big creepy organization?"

"First of all," Wilbur says, "Not creepy. Second of all, because that's *literally* our job. To keep an eye on the supernatural and make sure the rest of the world doesn't find out about them."

"So you barge into teenagers' apartments and tell them that monsters are real. Good way of going about that."

Tommy sets Wilbur's mug of tea on the table. Wilbur smiles a strained thank-you.

"Clearly—" He blows away a curl of steam before taking a sip. "Clearly, you already knew very well about the existence of monsters, given the whole specter incident last night. Or the werewolf incident last month. Or—"

Tommy opens his mouth to argue, and then promptly snaps it shut. He takes a sip of tea. Wilbur mimics the action. "Okay. So you've been stalking me for *months*."

"Not stalking," Wilbur says, smugly. "Assessing a situation."

"That's literally worse. That sounds even worse, you know that right?" *Assessing*. Pretentious ass—

"I had to figure out what you were before we could move ahead. You think I was gonna waltz into a potential demon's apartment without a care in the world? I had to be sure that whatever you were, I was *prepared* for it."

"So you could kill me," Tommy says blandly. "If it happened to come up."

Wilbur doesn't deny it. What he says is, "It's a dangerous world out there."

Tommy rolls his eyes. He plops back into his chair, leans back and cross one ankle over his knee. "Okay. Enlighten me, then. What'd you find out? What *am* I, Agent Soot?"

The response comes with a slow shake of the head. “That’s where you’ve got me baffled. Tommy Innit, I have *no idea* what you are.”

That’s two of them, then. Tommy takes another sip of his tea, and Wilbur’s eyes stay fixed on him the entire time. Searching. Waiting. “I’ve got a real disappointing answer for you, then.”

“Go ahead.”

“I am literally just some guy,” Tommy says. “Or, well. Not just *some* guy. The best guy. Greatest man alive, actually. Maybe ever, of all time. But not anything like a demon, or ghost, or—or—whatever you’re thinking of. I was born in a normal hospital, and I had a normal childhood, and one day my normal parents died in a normal car accident and I did *not* get superpowers out of it, thank you for asking. And now I am here living with my two normal roommates, where we work normal teenager part-time jobs and go to normal school, except actually not Ranboo because he does *online school* like a nerd and not Tubbo either because he is already graduated, because he’s a fucking genius or something.”

“Sounds like you’re the only one going to normal school, then,” Wilbur says, and he keeps a straight face as he says it.

“Fuck you. I am incredibly cool and great at everything. Including normal school.”

“I didn’t say you weren’t.”

Tommy flips him off. Wilbur grins, and Tommy *almost* forgets that this guy admitted to thinking about killing him like, five minutes ago. And apparently has been following him for months. And is generally just kind of a bitch whose vibes Tommy *cannot* stand at *all*.

Yeah. He *almost* forgets all of that.

Wilbur further breaks the illusion by flipping over that creased folder on the table and pulling out a notepad and a pen. He uncaps it with a plastic *click*, and Tommy frowns once again. Okay. So this guy is just gonna take notes on him, like he’s a fuckin’ science experiment or something, right at his own kitchen table.

“Jesus Christ, dude,” Tommy says, and the exact same moment that Wilbur says, “When was the first time you remember dying?”

Tommy squawks, “Jesus *Christ*, dude!”

“Sorry,” Wilbur apologizes. “What?”

“You cannot just ask a man that.”

Wilbur grimaces. “Okay. Well, here’s the thing, actually, I kinda *have* to. I’ve done as much as I can from a distance, and now—Well, I’ve gotta prove to my agency that you’re, like, not an active threat.”

Tommy gapes at him. “A *threat*?”

“You’re clearly supernatural.” Before Tommy can protest, Wilbur raises a hand to cut him off and continues. “I don’t care what your story is. You keep showing up in the middle of bizarrely dangerous supernatural events and either getting killed or miraculously walking out alive—or both!—and *normal humans* do not do that.”

“I’m just built different.”

“That—” Wilbur rubs his forehead. “That’s the point, Tommy. That is the entire point.”

Tommy glowers. He takes another sip of tea.

“So here’s where we’re at.” He sets the pen down beside the notepad and leans back in his chair. Picks up the mug of tea again, as if he needs *something* in his hands at all times. Tommy studies him as he does. He really does not look old enough to be doing something as weird as this. Baby fat still clinging to the curves of his face, spots of acne still dotted across his chin. There’s *no way* this guy’s even far into his twenties. “I need something to tell my superiors. To prove to them that you’re not a threat, and that they can keep me on the case. Not send it up to someone above me, because trust me. What I said earlier? About the other people at my job?”

Tommy says, “That you’re nicer than them? Because, dude, honestly—”

“You’d better believe me on that.” Wilbur leans forward. “I’m an investigator, Tommy. I don’t hunt, I don’t capture. I don’t kill unless I have to. But the other people at my job? They *will*. So trust me when I say you do *not* want your case moving out of my hands.”

With a shaky breath, Tommy sets his mug back on the table. “This feels like a threat.”

“It’s not. I promise.” Wilbur’s hands tighten around the handle of his mug. “Tommy, I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. I want to help you find out what you are, what happened to you to make this happen. I want to help.”

“Okay,” Tommy says, quietly. “So what do you want from me?”

“Your cooperation. If—if I can bring back information, some answers from you, maybe schedule some interviews or tests back at our headquarters—”

“Tests?” An uneasy thread runs through him. “Like… You’re gonna take my blood, or a math test, or—”

“Whatever we decide on together. Whatever you’re comfortable with.” Wilbur looks at him steadily. “You’ll be safe the entire time. You have my word.”

And Tommy does not at *all* think he can trust the word of this guy. Obviously. But he doesn’t seem to have much of a choice in this situation, and—fuck. *Fuck*. Tommy is *curious*. He wants to know too. He wants to understand *why* this shit happens to him. If Tommy’s not human, he wants to understand what he is instead. And maybe Wilbur really can help.

“Okay,” he says, finally. Wilbur’s shoulders relax a few degrees. “Fine. I will graciously answer a few of your questions.”

“Thank you.” Wilbur picks up his pen once more. “Okay. So when did you first die?”

“Not that one. I already said no.”

“Okay, fine. How do you keep ending up in *so many* dangerous situations? Why do you keep showing up?”

Tommy scratches at the bandages on his neck. The gash under them is nearly healed, but he knows the scar is still visible, and it’s easier to blame bandages on a random bout of poison ivy or a cat scratch than it would be to explain away an entire scar across the entire length of his neck. “Uh, okay. This is gonna sound weird.”

“Go ahead.”

“I get these, like, dreams? But not dreams. Sometimes first thing in the morning when I open my eyes, I can’t move, even though I know I’m awake—”

“Like sleep paralysis?”

“Yes. Stop interrupting me.” Tommy’s scolding is met with a duck of Wilbur’s head as apology. He carries on. “So I get the morning stuck feelings, and then I start seeing shit. But not in a sleep paralysis way, like I’m watching a movie scene play out in front of me. It’ll be some other place, and sometimes other people’ll be there, and then suddenly it’ll stop again. And at some point during the day, that scene ends up happening, unless I specifically show up to make it stop.”

A silence follows, filled only by the scratch of Wilbur’s pen against the yellow lined paper propped up between a creased folder and the hairline cracks in a mug of tea. Tommy waits for him to catch up. Wilbur looks back at him when he does, wordlessly watching behind a pair of round glasses until Tommy keeps talking.

“Sometimes it’s something small,” Tommy says. *Sometimes I’m lucky*, he doesn’t say. “Like, Tubbo’s gonna walk home and come across an *actual* poltergeist, not the dumb hoaxes he goes around looking for on purpose. So I can just call him and ask him to come home early, or stop for groceries so he takes a different route, or something like that. And then it never happens.”

Wilbur prompts, “And sometimes it’s big?”

Tommy shrugs. “You saw the specter thing. I thought maybe I could stop him, cuz, uh, there was this kid in the vision, and—well, it was bad and I thought, y’know, if I calmed him down before the kid showed up, then—Yeah.”

Wilbur sets down his notepad. He sets down the pen, and he looks at Tommy. “Nobody else died last night. Just so you know. The specter disappeared right after it killed you.”

A breath of relief Tommy didn’t know he was holding whistles out between his teeth. “Yeah, it was an accident. Him killing me. He was just scared.”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow. “Okay. Sure. He snapped your neck.”

Tommy waves a hand. “Yeah, I startled him. It was my bad. He was definitely a dick, don’t get me wrong, but like, he got murdered and he’s still rightfully upset about that, so I’ll cut him a bit of slack as long as he’s not murdering kids.”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow.

“Kids who can’t come back from it,” Tommy amends.

He expects Wilbur to write that down too, make a note on his little paper like *dumbass, self-sacrificing, incredibly noble and heroic*. Something along those lines.

But he doesn’t. He just picks up his mug again, and he studies Tommy with curious eyes. “Why do you keep showing up? Why bother changing what you see?”

He blinks. “I mean, pretty obvious, innit?”

“Not to me.” Wilbur takes a sip of his tea. “From where I’m sitting, there was no reason to go bother that specter. He was halfway across the city, plenty far away from your apartment and your friends. Doesn’t affect you at all, right?”

Tommy says, “Wilbur—can I call you Wilbur? Wilbur, I think you might’ve missed the point where a *kid almost died*.”

“A kid did die,” Wilbur says. “You died, Tommy. When you really did not need to. So what makes you see those visions and still show up to them, *knowing* you might not survive it?”

There are a few familiar sounds in this kitchen. The hum of the refrigerator. The one light in the ceiling lamp that always buzzes a little, no matter how much Ranboo stands on the kitchen table to fix it. The quiet tick of the old clock that’s some family heirloom of Tubbo’s.

Tommy sits in the middle of his very familiar kitchen, talking to this very unfamiliar man, talking about something he doesn’t understand about himself at all, and he is struck with absurdity of it all.

“It’s a bit like Spider-Man, you know?”

Wilbur turns his mug in his hands. “Spider-Man?”

“Yeah, the fuckin’, great power, and all that. I know I said I didn’t have superpowers, but it’s sorta like that, I guess. I can do this and walk away from it. So it’s kinda my responsibility to do it, then. Since no one else can.”

Wilbur’s face twists. He looks thoughtful.

“What about you?” Tommy’s been answering all the deep questions, and it’s time to turn that around. Two can play at this first-meeting soul-seraching game. “Why are *you* out here hunting monsters? Surely that’s not all sunshine and daisies for you.”

“It’s my job,” Wilbur says, but his voice is guarded. A little too light.

“And? You could get a job doing literally anything else. Why this?”

Wilbur tilts his head back and forth, like he’s looking for an answer somewhere in the tiled backsplash of the kitchen wall behind Tommy’s head. “My dad was a hunter. The greatest, bravest hunter—the greatest *man* I ever knew. So I guess I just want to be like him.”

Tommy wrinkles his nose. “Oh. Well that’s kinda boring.”

It startles a laugh out of Wilbur. “Fuck you, you’re gonna criticize my fucking work motivations now?”

“You have been grilling me about sensitive, emotional questions about my *incredibly* traumatic abilities the *entire time* you’ve been here. I think I’m allowed a few remarks—”

“Being bullied by a teenager on the job. I can’t believe this.”

“Hey, you’re the one stalking a teenager. Maybe if you *stopped*, you’d stop getting so much karma for your actions.”

As if it had been waiting for a cue, the handle of the mug breaks.

It’s *perfect* timing, actually. Tommy couldn’t not have planned that better if he tried. Tea spills from the upended mug, all over Wilbur’s nice suit shirt, all over his pad of paper, all over the file folder. A puddle spreads across the table and begins to drip down onto the floor.

Tommy bursts out laughing.

“Shit!” Wilbur leaps to his feet, chair clattering behind him, and for a moment he looks like he doesn’t know what to go for first. “Oh, fuck, shit, do you have—stop laughing, you actual gremlin, do you have paper towels?”

“A gremlin?” Tommy gets to his feet, reaching for the roll of paper towel behind him, but he can’t resist another quick remark as tea seeps and stains into paper. “You figured it out that easy? Not a human, not a monster, just a gremlin. Don’t feed me after dark.”

“Give me the *fucking towels*. ”

Tommy hands them over. “Sorry about your notes, king. That’s a shame.”

Wilbur starts to mop up the spreading tea puddle, and then he freezes. He looks up. Brown eyes narrow behind round glasses. “You—You *planned this*. ”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Tommy chirps. “Imagine being so perfect you can see the future and predict shit so well that everything falls into your favor—Oh, wait. Right. I can see the future and I’m perfect. My bad.”

The expression on Wilbur’s face shifts rapidly between something that Tommy pinpoints as hatred, devastation, and something like hysteria. With his sweetest smile, Tommy helps clean up the mess.

“Anyway, my roommates are gonna be home in, like, fifteen minutes, so you should probably get a move on.” He pushes the dripping file and notepad into Wilbur’s arms and begins steering him towards the door. “Nice to meet you, Agent Soot. Thanks for the talk.”

“We had a deal,” Wilbur says. He sounds betrayed. “I thought we were on good terms.”

“Oh, we’re on great terms. I’m perfectly happy with this arrangement.”

At the door, Wilbur stops. He twists around and pulls a card from his pocket. “Look. Fine. Just—next time one of those visions happens, call me, all right? I’ll show up wherever you tell me to, and we can keep you from dying next time. How about that for a new deal?”

Tommy takes the offered card. “Thought you weren’t a hunter.”

“I’m not. But...” He shrugs one shoulder. “It’s already gonna take some hell of explaining to the agency to get this shit sorted out. They don’t need to know everything.”

And with that, he raises a hand in a wave and lets himself out the door. Tommy is left standing inside with a business card in one hand. He turns it over between his fingers. It’s simple, just Wilbur’s name and a phone number.

Tommy pockets the card. That’s a problem for another day.

Right now, he needs to finish mopping up that spilled tea and hide the mug before Ranboo sees it, or he is *never* gonna hear the end of the “*I told you so*”s.

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